

# SOUTHERN PIONEER.

AND CARROLL, CHOCTAW AND TALLAHATCHIE COUNTIES ADVERTISER.

By G. W. H. BROWN.

CARROLLTON, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY JULY 31, 1841.

VOL. I.—NO. 33.

east quarter section 25, township twenty-four, range two east, containing 241 and 62 hundredths acres—was purchased by Wm M. Beal, on 6th December eighteen hundred and thirty-four. Printer fee 14d.  
Also; the east half south east quarter section twenty-eight, township twenty-four, range two east, containing 79 and eighty-eight hundredths acres; was purchased by A. S. Campbell & C. Dart, on 6th Dec. eighteen hundred and thirty-four. Pr fee eight dols.  
Also; the west half of south east quarter, and east half south west quarter section twenty-eight, town. 24, range two east, containing 159 and 76 hundredths acres; was purchased by A. S. Campbell & C. Dart, on Dec 20, 1834. Pr. fee ten dollars.  
Also; the north half and west half south east quarter section 32, township twenty-four, range two east, containing 477 and 30 hundredths acres: was purchased by Wm M. Beal on 6th Dec 1834. Pr fee 15d.  
Also; Lot No. 16, section 6, township twenty-four, range one east, containing 32 and 35 hundredths acres was purchased by Wm H. Whitaker on Dec 4 1834. Printer fee eight dols.  
Also; Lots No. 3 and 16, section eight, township 24, range one east, containing 96 and 64 hundredths acres, was purchased by Wm. H. Whitaker, on 4th December 1834. —Printer fee eight dollars.  
Also; Lots No. 4 and 5, section eight, township 24 range one east, containing 76 and 50 hundredths acres was purchased by Wm H. Whitaker on 4th Decem- ber 1834. Printer fee ei. lt dollars.  
Also; Lots eleven, twelve and thirteen, section 8, township twenty-four, range one east, containing 117 and 98 hundredths acres; was purchased by Wm. H. Whitaker on 4th Dec 1834. Printer fee 10d.  
Levied on the above described lands to satisfy the State and County Tax due thereon, as above mentioned. This 16th day of June, 1841.

**JNO. H. MONTGOMERY,**  
Assessor & Collector  
Of Tallahatchie County.

[In the presence of]  
A. B. BETTS, &  
E. E. ARMSTRONG.  
Charleston, Miss. June 16th, 1841. 3m.

## Prospectus,

For publishing in the town of Carrollton, Carroll county, Miss., a weekly paper to be entitled the

**Southern Pioneer,**

(BY G. W. H. BROWN.)

UNDER the above title of the "SOUTHERN PIONEER," we propose to publish in the town of Carrollton, a new Weekly Paper, devoted to Politics, both State and National, Agriculture, the current news of the day, and the advancement of the great cause of Education. This paper will be devoted to what its conductor believes to be the best interests of the State and country. It will advocate the great Whig cause which you have recently seen so signally triumphant. Believing that the principle put forth by the great Whig party as the tenets of its political creed, are the only true ones, on which this Government was originally founded, and on which it should be administered, this paper will lend to those principles, whenever and wherever espoused, its humble but cordial support.

No man or set of men, will be by us unscrupulously sustained at the expense of principle. "PRINCIPLES NOT MEN," is our motto—by this rule shall we be governed, and in subjecting all to this test, we shall as we find them, judge with impartiality, admonish with candor, and reprehend with justice. As humble Pioneers in the great cause of political truth, we shall ever point to the cardinal virtues of a representative Government. But, the interests of our State, and more particularly of our country, shall receive at our hands a constant and an earnest advocacy. While our sister counties have been the object of Legislative action, and Executive patronage, the county of Carroll has remained comparatively unknown and unappreciated. It shall therefore be our pride, as well as our duty, to develop its vast resources and point out its numerous advantages. The cause of education, the cause of enlightened and progressive civilization, the only true bulwark of a nation's freedom, shall receive that attention its importance demands. In fine, as humble Pioneers in the great crusade against ignorance and error, we shall shoulder our mattock and shovel, and taking our place in the great march of modern improvement, our course shall ever be as Mar- rimon said to Stanley, "ONWARD."

TERMS.—The "PIONEER" will be published every Saturday morning at FIVE DOLLARS in advance, or SIX DOLLARS at the expiration of six months, or SIX DOLLARS FIFTY at the end of the year.

NO PAPER WILL BE DISCONTINUED UNTIL ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per square (—) for the first, and ONE DOLLAR for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions must be marked upon the ms. or it will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

From one to ten lines constitute a square. Articles of a personal nature, whenever admitted will be charged at double the above rates. Political circulars or public addresses, for the benefit of individual or companies, charged as advertisements.

Announcing candidates for office \$10 each. YEARLY ADVERTISING.—For forty lines, or less, renewable at pleasure, each week, \$65.

Bills for advertising are due when the work is done, and MUST be paid whenever called for.

## JOB PRINTING.

In connection with the PIONEER Office, is a large assortment of new and fashionable FANCY TYPE, which enables us to execute all orders for Job Printing in fine style. We solicit patronage in this line, at prices the same as other well regulated offices in Mississippi. Orders from Attorneys, Clerks, Sheriffs, &c., promptly attended to.

ALL JOB WORK—CASH.  
\* Letters or Communications to the publisher must be POST-PAID, or they will not be taken out.

## Watches and Clocks

### REPAIRED.

THE subscriber has settled himself permanently in Middleton, Carroll county, Mississippi, where he is prepared to execute all work entrusted to his care, with neatness and despatch.

R. T. JOHNSON.  
18-46.  
Middleton, April 17, 1841.

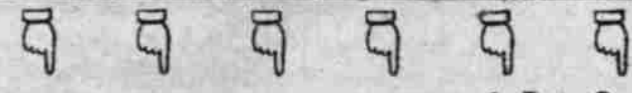
## A Card.

T. S. & J. P. AYRES,  
Attorneys at Law—Carrollton, Miss.  
Their Office is the same formerly occupied by Marsh & Ayres.  
January, 1, 1841. 4-ef.

## Republican Whig Ticket.



For Governor,  
**DAVID O. SHATTUCK,** of Carroll.  
For Congress,  
**ADAM L. BINGAMAN,** of Adams,  
**WILLIAM R. HARLEY,** of Marshall.  
For Secretary of State,  
**LEWIS G. GALLOWAY,** of Holmes.  
For Auditor of Public Accounts,  
**JAMES J. ALLEN,** of Hinds,  
For State Treasurer,  
**WILLIAM G. CRAWLEY,** of Perry.  
For Attorney General,  
**ROBERT HUGHES,** of Hinds.



FROM THE NATCHEZ COURIER of July 8.  
POSITION OF PARTIES.

As the contest is about commencing thro' out the State, it may not be improper to glance at the field of battle and ascertain the relative positions of the various forces who are to engage in it. By so doing we shall be the better enabled to understand the different movements during the campaign, to guard against the defection of pretended allies, and to counteract the stratagems of our opponents. In order to do this a slight retrospect is necessary. At the last session of the legislature resolutions were passed through both houses declaring that the State was legally and morally bound to pay the bonds issued in her name for the benefit of the Planters and Union Banks. These resolutions and the report accompanying them, were introduced by a whig committee and although the vote was not strictly a party vote yet the mass of the whigs in each house sustained them while the mass of the locofocos opposed them, and the locofoco Governor of the state refused his signature to them. During the session also, both parties held conventions at the capitol, composed of delegates sent from every portion of the state and supposed to represent the opinions of the two parties in their various counties fairly. The locofoco convention nominated candidates of whom the most important were favorable to the payment of the bonds and the rest were opposed to it, and refused to debate the question of payment or non-payment or to express any opinion on the subject. A very inconsiderable portion of their number subsequently held a meeting of their own and recommended the formation of a ticket opposed to the payment of the bonds. These, however, did not amount to one-tenth of the whole number of the delegates and their proceedings were ridiculed and despised by their own party no less than by the whigs. The whigs subsequently met in convention and unanimously declared themselves in favor of upholding the honor and dignity of the state by the payment of its just debts, and nominated candidates for every office entertaining similar sentiments.

Thus, then, it appears that at the close of the session the whigs were as a body in favor of the payment of the bonds while their opponents were divided on the subject, leaving by this means the anti-bonders in a minority, so inconsiderable as to render them apparently harmless and placing the result of the contest, then about to ensue, on the old ground of national politics. Since that time, however, a great change has taken place in the situation of affairs. Col. Thomas H. Williams the nominee for Governor and Gen. A. G. Brown one of the nominees for Congress, decidedly the most talented men on their ticket and both opposed to repudiating the plighted faith of the state have declined running and their places have been filled by non-bond-payers. The whole locofoco press with one exception has avowed similar sentiments. Col. Woodward, the nominee of the locofoco convention for Secretary of State has been thrus aside on account of his manly expression of opinion, and the ticket is now composed exclusively of anti-bondmen with but one exception. We allude to Col. Saunders who has no opinion and does not pretend to have any. They have retained him because they were afraid to run any one against him.

The silent acquiescence of those of the locofoco party who have agreed with us on the bond question, in this arrangement, is an evidence of the course they will pursue in the next election. Though shame may prevent

them from countenancing the disgraceful doctrines avowed by their party and though their declarations may be as fair as we could wish, yet they will support the party ticket when it becomes necessary to vote. The essence of loco-focoism is the love of power. Questions of public policy are examined by them purely with reference to their availability in a canvass before the people and not with a view to their effect on the present or future welfare of the country. Thus, though at the first blush they stood aloof from the little knot of anti-bonders in Jackson last winter, yet when they saw there was a possibility of detaching a small portion of the whigs by circulating the absurd sophistries and vulgar appeals to the passions, used by that clique, they very readily permitted them to put their own men forward as the candidates of the party. To them it matters but little what the result of a victory on such grounds might be to the state, so they but get into power. Their only object is personal aggrandizement and the means of attaining this and the consequences to flow from it are alike matters of indifference. The signal defeat of their party in the Presidential election forbids them to hope for a revolution of public sentiment on questions of national policy. They are therefore making a last desperate resort to reinstate themselves by combining state and federal questions in such a way as to obliterate the line of demarcation between the two parties.

Such are evidently the intentions of the leaders of the opposition in Mississippi. The course of the whigs is plain and easy. They have already assumed the lofty ground which they have heretofore occupied on questions of general interest. Let them maintain it with the same union and firmness which gave them so glorious a victory last year. Let them again oppose the sword of justice and honesty to the wiles and artifices of those who in their mad lust for power, would brand our name with lasting dishonor, and another victory not less glorious will attend their efforts.

## THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold with a curse quivering on his lips—I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance with a tearless eye,—but I could not look on woman fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleeping, the heart feels that something lovely in the universe is ceasing from existence, and broods, with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age.—She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death on her brow. I first met her in the presence of the faithful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers—her yellow locks were beautiful and hung low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eye-lid at times, closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her head down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

I have lately heard, that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking breeze, that lingers for a time, around a bed of roses, and then dies "as 'twere from very sweetness."

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be, that our life is a bubble cast up by the Ocean of Eternity, to float

a moment on its waves and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of the earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which "hold their festivals around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproaching glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm, where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the Ocean; and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dream—in that realm I shall see the again.—Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating up in the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the depth of June, I wandered out with her a little distance in the open air. It was then she first told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years; and when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust, or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends who love me—it is very hard to bid farewell to these scenes with which I have held communion from childhood, and which, from day to day, have caught the colour of my life and sympathised with its joys and sorrows. The little grove where I have so often strayed with my buried Love, and where, at times, even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody—that pensive star, which we used to watch in its rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me and beckoning me to his own bright home—every flower, and tree, and rivulet, on which the memory of early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot without a sigh, close my eyes on them forever."

The following short paragraph we extract from the New Orleans Bulletin—

"A large and fashionable party of ladies and gentlemen left the city on Saturday evening last, via the Ponchartrain Rail Road, on a pleasure trip to Pass Christian and the various watering places on the shores of the Lakes.—Among them was that talented and whole-souled Mississippian, SARGENT S. PRENTISS.—We wish them cool breezes, good appetites and few mosquitoes."

CALHOUN ON A NATIONAL BANK.—"I might say with truth that the Bank owes as much to me as any other individual in the country; and I might even add, that had it not been for my efforts, it would not have been chartered."

"I must content myself with saying, that having been on the political stage without interruption, from that day to this—having been an attentive observer of the question of the currency throughout the whole period—that the Bank has been an indispensable agent in the restoration of specie payments—that without it, the restoration could not have been effected, short of the utter prostration of all the monied institutions of the country, and an entire depreciation of bank paper; and that it has not only restored specie payments, but has given a currency far more uniform, between

the extremes of the country, than was anticipated or ever dreamed of, at the time of its creation."—[Speech of John C. Calhoun—1832]

Anti-bondites, read the following and blush for the condition the state will be placed in, should your party succeed in the low, cunning, damnable and disgraceful principles espoused of repudiating the outstanding bonds for which the faith of the State is pledged. Read and reflect, and we fear not the result of your decision. Information is ALL you wish for, when we can hail you as brethren of the same great political party, with the scales of justice equally balanced, ready and willing to 'do unto others as you would they should do unto you.'

"MISSISSIPPI AND INDIANA.—These States have both failed to pay the interest on their debts due on the 1st inst. The New York American says: "There is this difference, however, to be noted between them, that whereas Mississippi has not even made an effort to preserve her faith and good name,—Indiana has only failed to do so through an unwise restriction imposed upon her fund commissioner, not to hypothecate the stock. The limits at which alone the stock could be sold rendered it unsaleable in the market, and, as it could not be pledged for a temporary loan, the money to pay her interest could not be had. But, we repeat, she has proved her regard to good faith by imposing taxes to meet the interest on her debt, and otherwise appropriating funds there-to."

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.—The following letters do honor to the feelings which dictated them. They are both very happy in their style and the sentiments which they express. They will find a response in every true American heart.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1841.

To the House of Representatives of the U. S.

I have the honor herewith to submit to the House of Representatives the copy of a letter addressed by myself to Mrs. Harrison, in compliance with the resolutions of Congress, and her reply thereto.

JOHN TYLER.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 13, 1841.  
My Dear Madam:—The accompanying resolutions, adopted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, will convey to you an expression of the deep sympathy felt by the Representatives of the States, and of the people, in the sad bereavement which yourself and the country has sustained in the death of your illustrious husband. It may now be justly considered that the public archives constitute his enduring monument, on which are inscribed, in characters not to be effaced, the proudest evidences of public gratitude for services rendered; and of sorrow for his death. A great and united people shed their tears over the bier of a devoted patriot and distinguished benefactor.

In conveying to you, my dear madam, the proposed respect of the two houses of Congress for your person and character, and their condolence on the late afflicting dispensation of Providence, permit me to mingle my feelings with theirs, and to tender you my fervent wishes for your health, happiness and long life.

JOHN TYLER.

Mrs. ANNA HARRISON.

NORTH BEND, June 24, 1841.

Dear sir:—I have received with sentiments of deep emotion the resolutions of the Senate and House of Representatives, which you have done me the honor of forwarding, relative to the decease of my lamented husband.

I cannot sufficiently express the thanks I owe to the nation and its assembled representatives, for their condolence so feelingly expressed, of my individual calamity, and the national bereavement; but, mingling my tears with the sighs of the many patriots of the land, pray to heaven for the enduring happiness and prosperity of our beloved country.

ANNA HARRISON.

JOHN TYLER, President of the U. States.

Cricky! what a sample of the great un washed was up before Recorder Baldwin yesterday! Twelve he-males and two she-males and all looking as ragged and as dirty as they had sworn eternal hostility to clean line and soap and water. One fellow look like a animated lump of anthracite coal; another like a gnarled Mississippi sawyer, over whom the muddy current had flowed for several centuries; a third looked like a man on whom lobelia doctor had been experimenting, an whom, mistaking him for tany, he had pattedly pounded in his mortar; a fourth looked as if he had been veneered over with a solution composed of the sum of a stagnant pond and pulverized charcoal. O! but they were a hard looking lot of cases.—N. O. Pic.